

Crash Test Dummies - I'm a Dog

Tom: F

I'm a dog, and I can smell your smell right through your clothes
 And I espouse some views that you yourself just might not hold
 Sometimes I am given pause to think when
 I consider what we could call the good life

When it comes to the city versus the country life
 Well, I must say that I far prefer a farmer's wife
 Breakfast with the master in the morning
 Feel the breeze and brush against a cow's leg - mmm!

But it seems the thinkers you call greatest are
 The sort who often fall ill young, or pine away
 How can they help but drag the species down?

There's some debate about whether instincts should be held in check

Well, I suppose that I'm a liberal in this respect
 I can't say I liked Robinson Crusoe
 But at least he didn't tie his dogs up at night

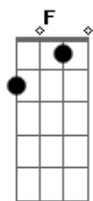
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Solo

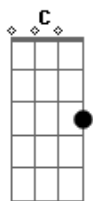
How come all your poets fall into despondencies?
 And then write it down for us to read every indignity?
 Not such worthy specimens, these creatures
 Hardly fit for what you could call the good life

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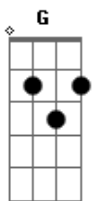
Acordes



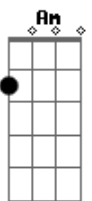
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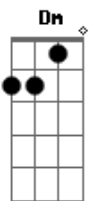
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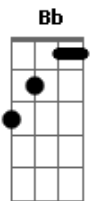
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